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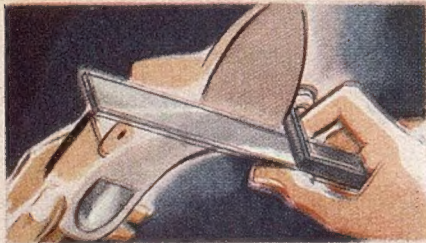
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Family of Three: Lt. E. F. and Lady Sarah Russell with Their Daughter

Lieutenant Edwin F. Russell and Lady Sarah Russell were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in May, 1943, and their daughter was born in March last year. Her christening took place in April at St. Mary Magdalene, Woodstock, and she was given the names Serena Mary Churchill. Lady Sarah Russell is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and her husband, who is in the United States Navy, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lucius T. Russell, of Beverly Hills, California. Little Serena is the Marlboroughs' first grandchild, and the Duchess is one of her godmothers.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Crisis

READERS of this article must have been among the first to recognize something of the part played by Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery in breaking von Rundstedt's determined and dangerous offensive.



Director of Civil Affairs

Major-General S. W. Kirby, C.I.E., O.B.E., M.C., is Director of Civil Affairs. His job is the military administration of liberated territories, and occupied countries during the period of military government

It was obvious when the offensive developed and received a cautious and equally determined reaction that something had happened, but security reasons made it difficult to describe that it was Field Marshal Montgomery's own efforts at co-ordination. War correspondents realized at once that he had taken charge. There was no doubt that his action was timely and vital. Now Field Marshal Montgomery has given the world a factual account of the situation which confronted the Allied forces, leaving quite a number of points to be filled in by other people, probably the Prime Minister. Field Marshal Montgomery saved the day by his promptitude and his powers of leadership. He used his own initiative without seeking higher authority, and therefore he was able to rob von Rundstedt of the initiative which he had gained temporarily for the Germans.

Anxiety

IT was certainly touch and go. They were critical days. It would be useless for anybody to deny this fact. At one moment it appeared, once von Rundstedt had achieved the power of momentum, that nothing could stop the Germans. All that the Allies had gained was

in danger of being lost. Only those in the inner circles of the Government realized how serious was the situation. There was a moment when those people in possession of all the facts were pessimistic. The attitude of the Prime Minister in warning the country and the world that the German is a fierce fighter, was justified. Mr. Churchill is by nature an optimist, but it must be admitted that he has been a wise and faithful barometer of military judgment.

Action

IT is not certain what was the German objective when the offensive was launched. It is presumed that after the capture of Liège, Brussels and Antwerp were to be von Rundstedt's objectives. There are some who believe that he might have got as far as Calais, but once Field Marshal Montgomery exerted his leadership and began to co-ordinate Allied resistance, the atmosphere of pessimism was dispelled at Whitehall as well as at the front. Correspondents have since admitted that there was a considerable change in outlook and belief when it was realized that "Monty" had taken charge. He had to work fast. Faster than usual. There was little time for contemplation; it was the time for action, or the alternative was disaster. Field Marshal Montgomery proved himself on this occasion to be a man of action. According to reliable reports he won the admiration of officers of all ranks of Britain and the United States for what he did in that moment of crisis.

Report

CLEARLY he will not have pleased some of those who do not appreciate his methods and his purpose in talking as frankly as he has done to war correspondents. I believe that Field Marshal Montgomery has a purpose in mind when he appears to be in search of publicity. Probably more than most people he realizes that a commanding General in these days of total war is a leader of public opinion as well as of front-line troops. His report, therefore, on what happened in those critical days on the Western Front will have given confidence to the people of this country and others who are concerned with the outcome of this war. At the moment that von Rundstedt attacked, there was a feeling of uncertainty, and an anxiety that something was wrong. The people of this country received a shock. A greater shock was felt in the United States. Now the people of both countries know what happened and have been able to judge the steps which were taken to prevent disaster. They are in a position to work out for themselves the future prospects.

Confidence

FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY has always felt confident about the outcome of this war. He has felt confident that by the use of certain methods the war could be shortened. His appointment in charge of all the Allied forces

north of the von Rundstedt bulge gives him a greater power and strength to fulfil his hopes than he has had since the invasion of Normandy. Field Marshal Montgomery was among those who believed that the war could be ended in 1944, and he committed himself publicly to that forecast. It is worth remembering, however, that he did so before the Allied Commands were divided and then lack of co-ordination developed to a degree which von Rundstedt was able to profit by. I believe that now Field Marshal Montgomery has been given greater authority and larger scope, we shall see a change in the tempo of the war. As I write it is moving slowly, but surely, if the weather holds, the whole outlook of the war might be given a new hope.

Time

WE are in the position at the moment that we must snatch the most valuable of all the advantages which the Germans possess, which is time. The German Command must not be



Archbishop and Interpreter

Archbishop Damaskinos became Regent of Greece on December 31, after the resignation of M. Papandreu's Government. He is seen with his interpreter, Major Frank Macaskie, of Primrose Villa, Horsforth, near Leeds

given another moment. They have proved how well they can use time. Field Marshal Montgomery realizes this as well as anybody else who has been in a position to study and to weigh the power of the German offensive in this sixth year of the war. We must remember the Prime Minister's warning. He uttered it when it appears that nothing was known of the German intentions. American military experts thought that Mr. Churchill was a pessimist. They criticized him for believing in the strength of Germany. At all times Mr. Churchill is an optimist, but he realizes that only by the appraisal of all the facts can sound judgment be established. His responsibilities are to the people of this country, and therefore he never hesitates to warn them of the greatest danger which exists. There is no doubt that Mr. Churchill's viewpoint, which he has voiced in public as well as in private, is now more accepted in military circles in the United States than at any other time. In other words, all his assertions and claims and beliefs have been justified by recent events.

Greatness

THE position of General Eisenhower is not affected by the recent reverse. He has done



Field Marshal Montgomery Holds a Conference

After taking over direction of operations on the north side of the German break-through Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery conferred with the Allied Generals under his command. They were Lieut.-Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey, British 2nd Army; Lieut.-Gen. Hodges, U.S. 1st Army; Lieut.-Gen. Simpson, U.S. 9th Army; and Lieut.-Gen. Crerar, Canadian 1st Army

a brilliant job for the Allies as a whole. Few men could have fitted military necessity and political expediency with the same candour and courage as well as calmness as he has done. There has been little friction among the military leaders of the Allies in this war. It is useless to say that there has been none, for experts must disagree at some time. But General Eisenhower has shown his greatness in so many respects that Field Marshal Montgomery felt impelled, obviously, to send a message at the New Year telling the world that he was prepared to follow "Ike" in all things.

Meeting

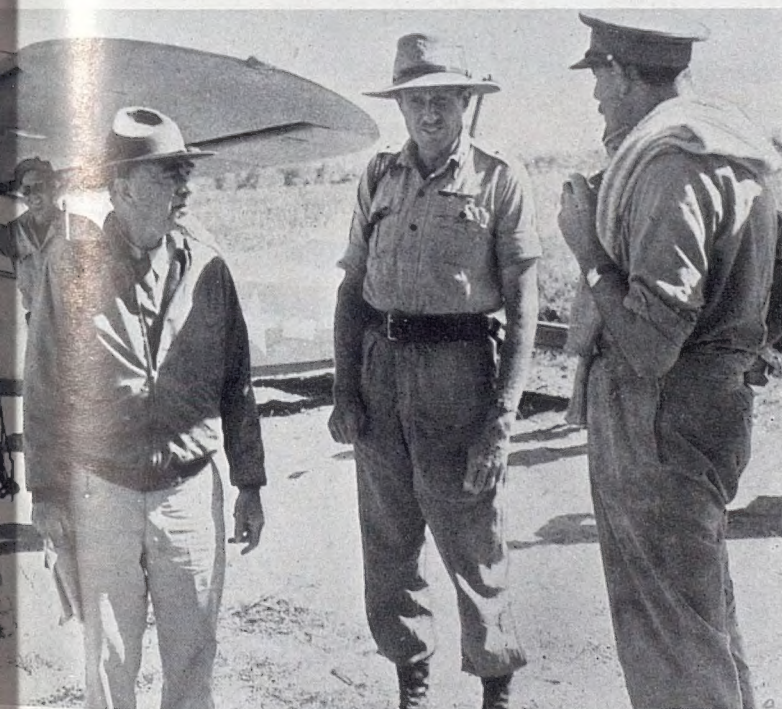
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's Message to Congress gave the outline, but not the policy, of foreign affairs which he is going to advocate to the United States. It is clear that President Roosevelt is waiting for his inauguration as President of the United States for a fourth term to deliver what is believed will be one of his most forthright and important statements of policy. There is no doubt that in the United States there will be a general measure of relief that the "Big Three" are to confer once more. Most people are bewildered by the trend of events in the last few weeks and the comments

they have read in the newspapers ever since Mr. Edward Stettinius, junr., publicly rebuked the British Government for their policy in Italy. The sudden change in the course of the war has come as a shock to the American public, and the fact that it was American troops who had to meet the full force of Field Marshal von Rundstedt's assault probably saved Britain from further abuse. There now seems to be a desire on both sides to end inter-Allied bickering, a good deal of which was misinformed, and there is a general hope that when President Roosevelt has conferred with Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin a new era of Allied understanding will be in sight.



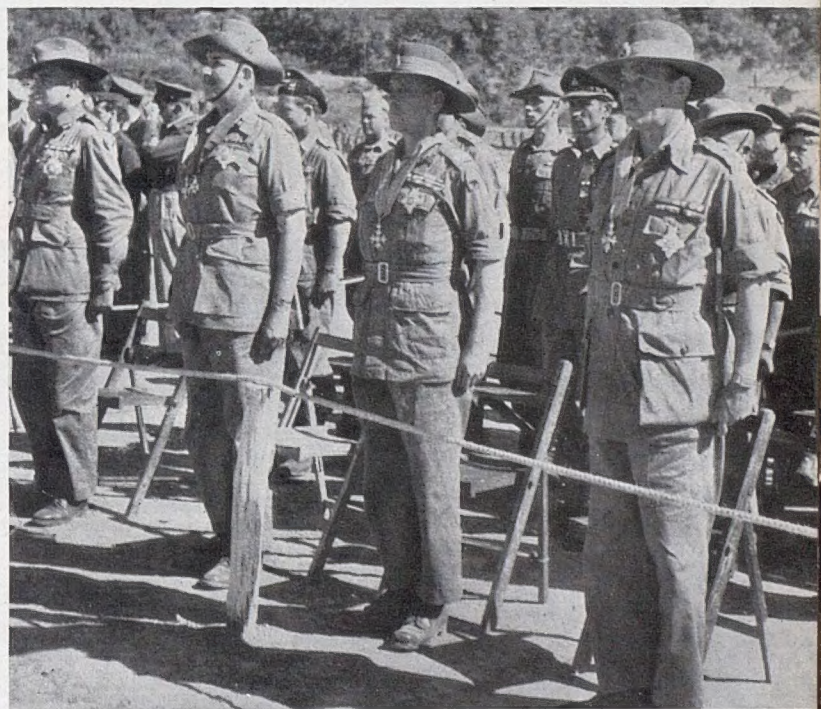
Luncheon in Cairo

While on a visit to Cairo, Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Commander South-East Asia, lunched with the C.-in-C. Middle East, General Sir Bernard Paget, when he was photographed with his host



Allied Commanders in Burma

Mawlu, scene of recent fighting in Burma, was the meeting place of Lieutenant-General Dan I. Sultan, U.S. Commander in Burma, Major-General F. W. Festing, D.S.O., who commands the 36th British Division, and Lieutenant-General Sir Oliver Leese, C.-in-C. Allied Land Forces in South-East Asia



Four British Generals Knighted in India

At an investiture held near Imphal, Assam, the Viceroy invested with the order of knighthood four British Lieutenant-Generals. They were Lieutenant-General W. Slim, Commander of the 14th Army; Lieutenant-General A. F. P. Christison, commanding 15th Indian Corps; Lieutenant-General Geoffrey Scoones, G.O.C. India; and Lieutenant-General M. G. M. Stopford, Commanding 33rd Indian Corps

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Moving Film

By James Agate

HISTORY is not my strong point. But I seem to remember that sometime in the eighteenth century at the period when there were a good many Swiss mercenaries in the French Army a ban was placed on the performance in France of a certain Swiss air. The name? I unfortunately forget. The point is that the tune raised so much nostalgia among the Swiss soldiers that it was feared they would desert and go back to their own country. There is no question of banning *Since You Went Away* (Gaumont). At the same time this film must arouse an immense amount of the *mal du pays* among our American visitors. It is, in my judgment, completely and authentically American in the highest and best sense. Indeed it is so entirely free from any false note of any kind that it is difficult to imagine Hollywood having had anything to do with it! It also makes one

realize the infinite superiority of American production over British. And for the reason that everybody in these American films is able to act, including the young women.

Young British actresses have yet to realize that the first thing in acting is command of facial expression. The other day I saw a British film in which three young women appeared in the throes of first love, passion at forty and ultimate harlotry. And all of them wore the same expression throughout. I don't mean that none of them allowed you to read differing emotion in what my revered colleague D. B. Wyndham Lewis would call her "pan"; the point is that Miss A. wore the same expression as Miss B., that Miss B. looked exactly like Miss C., and that you couldn't tell Miss C. from Miss A. All presented you with countenances like puddings made of sago,

tapioca and semolina. If you like me to put it more elegantly I should say that each was a perfect embodiment of the poet's

The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she.

Now all these American young women can act, and I suggest that some of our young film stars should go and have a look at Jennifer Jones, who gives one of the most moving performances I have seen since our own Celia Johnson in *Cynara*. I find that I wrote of this at the time that it was "a performance without a false note, entirely natural, exceedingly pathetic, and crammed with interest from start to finish." Yes, argues the reader, but *Cynara* was a stage play and not a film. Precisely. *It was a stage play*, and I have not seen a single young woman in any British film, with the exception of Patricia Roc, who has begun to interest, let alone move me. I would not wish to see these young women trampled on by runaway carthorses, but I would as soon pluck from under those hooves the most bedraggled of charwomen. Why? Because the business of an actress is to act; and to go back to my first simile, these young ladies cannot, in the expressive phrase I once overheard on a bus, knock the skin off a milk pudding.



1. Tim Hilton has gone to the war. Anne, his wife (Claudette Colbert), is left behind with her two daughters, Jane (Jennifer Jones) and "Brig" (Shirley Temple)



2. Anne decides to let the spare bedroom in order to balance the family budget. Her tenant is Colonel Smollett (Monty Woolley) who is something of a trial, but soon falls for Brig's charm



3. Tim's old friend, Lieutenant Tony Willett (Joseph Cotten), calls on Anne. Together they discuss Anne's problems with the home and the children



4. Jane develops a terrific crush on Tony, and is heartbroken when she catches mumps during his leave. Self-consciously she tries to hide her swollen face when Tony comes to say good-bye



5. Jane soon forgets her schoolgirl infatuation and when Colonel Smollett's grandson, Bill (Robert Walker), calls at the Hilton household Jane really falls in love for the first time



6. Bill goes off to war. By now, he and Jane are engaged. They have had little time together, but Jane's love has done much to restore the boy's self-confidence, destroyed when he failed at West Point

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, too, can act. One feels that she has a natural genius for acting. That she is not one of those persistent synthetic performers who require five directors and seventeen camera-men to take seventy shots out of which to choose the best. Claudette is, therefore she acts. Like our own Ellen Terry. Shirley Temple also has grown into a performer; her presentation of a plain child is heart-warming. Joseph Cotten is admirable as Claudette's Dobbinesque friend, Monty Woolley as a retired colonel is the man who has come not to stay to dinner but to rent a room in Claudette's house. And Robert Walker's tongue-tied moon-calf is an authentic and quite enchanting bit of portraiture. But every one acts well in this film, and the bulldog acts very nearly the best of all.

YES, resumes the argumentative reader, but what is the picture about? Merely the old thing, the heartbreak of those who in war-time must stay at home. It is the tale of a wife and two daughters whose lives are centred round a husband and father whom we never see, and who, in the early part of this film is reported missing. Claudette's tragedy is moving, though we have an inkling that at the end it will turn out not to be tragedy after all.

The real crux and gist of the picture is concerned with the elder daughter, so ably portrayed by Jennifer Jones, and her shy lover who can never put his passion into words. "I shan't be wounded; I shall be killed," he says, and Jennifer has something to the effect that she couldn't bear that. "That's fine," says the boy. "I don't mean being killed is fine; it's fine that you should feel that way about it." Is this film sentimental? Yes, one hundred per cent. Does it ever lapse into sentimentality? No. Not once do you hear that dreadful note sounded by our own B.B.C., one day last week with a lyric beginning

There's one day I go a-dreaming,
And one time I'm really blue

and continues

I'll be thinking of you Easter Sunday
In every hymn and every prayer,
The choir will sing, the bells will ring,
While the scent of Easter lilies fills the air,

sung to a maudlin tune combining the atmospheres of cathedral and Palais de Danse. In short, I rank this film very high among tear-compellers, and entirely free from any of that damnable nonsense of using the cinema cinematographically.

FAIR play's a jewel. But not, apparently in S.E.I. The high spot in *Waterloo Road* (Leicester Square) is a fight between a serving soldier (John Mills) and a scrimshanking boxer (Stewart Granger). In this the boxer tries to brain the soldier with a bottle of gin, after which the soldier finds the boxer with his back to a flight of stairs, and kicks him in the stomach with the obvious result. And what is this fight about? It happens because the boxer wants to have fun and games with the soldier's wife (Joy Shelton), who is quite ready to be stood meals and drinks by the boxer, taken to cinemas and dance-halls by him, and finally goes to his flat for a nightcap. But she is a good girl in the sense that when, towards one in the morning, he shows a coming-on disposition, she has qualms and asks him what he takes her for? Whereupon the boxer says the one true thing in the film; that what he takes her for is a cheating, common little baggage. It is entirely in accordance with English film tradition that the young woman's face remains throughout just about as expressive as the Milky Way. I have long wondered why those film-producers who are interested in London's low life have never happened on Maugham's *Liza of Lambeth*. And now I know the reason. It is because the British cinema hasn't the actress to play Liza.

7. News comes to the Hiltons that Bill has been killed on the beachhead at Salerno. Jane decides to be a nurse, giving up her college career. Anne goes to work on munitions

8. Jane becomes absorbed in her work as nurse's aid in the psychiatric clinic of Dr. Golden (Albert Basserman), a man who has dedicated his life to bringing back the smiles to the faces of young veterans

9. Tim Hilton is posted as missing. Anne, her children safely tucked away in bed, indulges in reminiscences of their happy life together

Family Life On The Home Front

"Since You Went Away" is the Story of every Mother in Times of War

As the mother of two teen-age daughters Claudette Colbert has a new kind of role. She plays it with a simple sincerity and an endearing charm. *Since You Went Away* is based on Margaret Buell Wilder's letters to her husband in service and was written by David O. Selznick who also produced the film. It is a film which should appeal to every woman—a tribute, like Esther McCracken's latest play, *No Medals*—to the women for whom war holds no glamour, no romance, no new companionships, only the loneliness of parting, the problems, once shared, of home life, the difficulties of just living and holding the family together



10. Anne, still hoping against hope that good news will come of Tim, puts a bold face on the family tragedy for the sake of the children. In this she is helped by the clergyman (Lionel Barrymore)



11. The film ends on Christmas Eve. In spite of personal tragedies Anne and her daughters decide to give a party. Old Colonel Smollett, now a confirmed admirer of the whole Hilton family, is the life of the party

The Theatre

"Babes In The Wood" (His Majesty's)

By Horace Horsnell

RUMOURS of the death of King Pantomime continue to be greatly exaggerated. The old reprobate was never more alive and kicking. His lively subjects are in prime possession of our larger stages, and are celebrating their seasonable rites with unabated gusto.

What constitutes a good pantomime? Some would say the quality of the comedians; some fidelity to tradition; and some the regard paid to the story that supplies the title. But they, I imagine, would be a very small minority. For the essence of pantomime is incongruity, liberty that regenerates licence. Its success is fostered by excess. It is a convivial hullabaloo that releases its patrons from workaday conventions and restraint, and is the nearest we, in these comparatively decorous days, can come to communal carnival and the public festivals of the past.

The wonder—some would say the pity—is that the classics of the nursery should be pressed into such footling inconsequent service. For, if taken seriously, they are apt to be in the way, and, with the notable exception of *The Glass Slipper* at the St. James's, are seldom written with such art that they deserve better treatment.

THE *Babes in the Wood*, with Robin Hood and his merry men as champions of wronged innocence, is redeemed from insipidity by the gallant bearing, good looks and forthright charm of Miss Adele Dixon, and by the highly professional buffoonery of those deservedly popular clowns, Nervo and Knox, "Monsewer" Eddie Gray, and Leo Franklyn. This, like a

change of air, serves therapeutic ends. They are unscrupulous physicians, whose pharmacopœia includes odd but potent drugs. The tonic they dispense may not be labelled "the mixture as before," but the old familiar flavour is there, and as administered by them with the old abandon, makes the patient die of laughing, and defies post-mortem analysis.

"Monsewer" Gray, as the Babes' Wicked Uncle, retains his sartorial and dyspeptic credentials while fulfilling his baronial villainy, and putting in nice work as a hoop-spinning conjuror. Messrs. Nervo and Knox, the Bold Bad Robbers, season their dastardly with delightful burlesque of conventional arts, and Mr. Franklyn's Dame Trott wears that vivacious old lady's bibs and tuckers with the chic of straighter comedy. And all this without prejudice to the spectacular ensembles in which specialists dance, fairies literally take the air, and the Nottinghamshire scenery shifts and transforms itself, but minds its own business.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

Cinderella at the Winter Garden Theatre has Hermione Baddeley as Minnie, the younger of the two Ugly Sisters, Bobby Howes as a most entertaining Buttons and Binnie Hale as the Prince Charming par excellence



Babes in the Wood is at His Majesty's Theatre. Adele Dixon is Robin Hood; Jimmy Nervo is Cecil, one of the Bold Bad Robbers; "Monsewer" Eddie Gray is Baron Stoneheart; Teddy Knox is Sydney, the other Bold Bad Robber; and Leo Franklyn is Dame Trott. Here is pantomime burlesque at its most hilarious

This may seem a prosaic catalogue of virtues for so charming a story, but they are all important on the stage, and the well-considered version at the Winter Garden benefits by recognizing them. It banks on the humours, has the traditional knockabout and effects, an anthropomorphic steed for the clowns, plump Shetland ponies to draw Cinderella's glittering coach across the stage, and the great advantage of good comedians, one of whom has a brilliant flair for burlesque.

At her best, Miss Hermione Baddeley, making her pantomime debut, has a touch of inspirational genius. She is the character she impersonates, be it never so unlikely; and her Ugly Sister—a blend of Beardsley and something less exotic—is excruciatingly funny. Whether languishing in sentimental balladry, flaunting the pink of a grotesque Diana, or painting the lily of caricature, she never fails to convulse, and is a true pantomime acquisition. As Buttons, Mr. Bobby Howes invests a stock part with feeling, and delightfully personal humour; and Miss Binnie Hale, to whom all sorts and conditions of footlight metamorphosis seem second nature, is a Principal Boy who sparkles as the Prince, sings like a bird, and keeps the sentiment sharp and the whole thing admirably professional.



The Duchess of Kent attended the premiere, and on her arrival at the Odeon was presented with a bouquet of carnations by Miss Sonia Preston, of N.A.A.F.I.

A Film Premiere for Toc H

Gala Performance of "Wilson" at the Odeon

● The first performance of the film *Wilson* was given at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in aid of the Toc H welfare work for the Allied Forces in India and Burma. The Countess of Abingdon was chairman of the premiere committee, and Mr. Arthur Rank and his co-directors bore all expenses in connection with the gala performance, proceeds without any deduction being handed over to the fund



The Countess of Abingdon was chatting to Mr. Lake Lake, of Toc H. She was chairman of the film committee



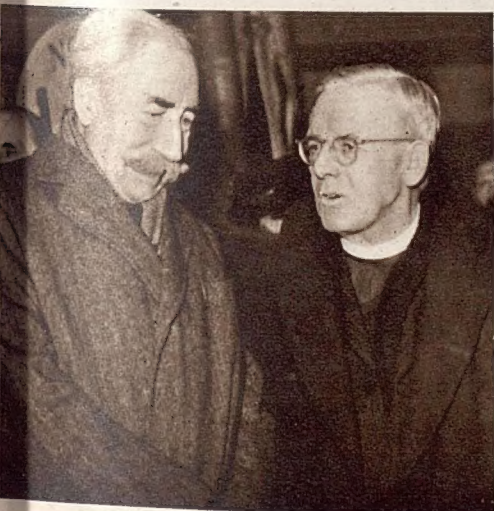
In the foyer, Sir Frank and Lady Alexander were in conversation with Mr. J. Arthur Rank, chairman of the Odeon Theatre



Two stage celebrities there were Miss Phyllis Calvert and her husband, Mr. Peter Murray Hill



Mr. Michael Kent, Miss Ruth Findlay and Lady Iris O'Malley arrived in good time before the film



Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, was talking to the Rev. "Tubby" Clayton



M. Aghnides, the Greek Ambassador, was with Lady Lowther and Lady Brabourne in the foyer of the theatre



The Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. C. R. Attlee, brought Mrs. Attlee to the film premiere



THE
END
JAN
72



Field-Marshal Guest of Honour at the Allies Welcome Committee's Reception

Field-Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson was guest of honour at the reception, and is seen here with Mr. John Bracken (left), leader of Canada's Progressive Conservative Party, and Col. A. J. Brooks, a Canadian M.P. from New Brunswick

Lady Monkswell, who is a member of the Reception Committee, received the guests with Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P. Here she is at the party talking to M. R. E. Unaydin, the Turkish Ambassador, and his wife

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Pantomime Party

IN spite of the absence of the King and Queen from Buckingham Palace, London has not been altogether without Royal functions, and the Duchess of Kent has been seen about a good deal lately, mostly with her two elder children, the young Duke and his attractive eight-year-old sister, Princess Alexandra, whom their mother has been taking round on a series of holiday entertainments, including a visit to a pantomime and an afternoon among the wax models at Madame Tussaud's. There were two big thrills for the Kent children when they visited *Goody Two Shoes* at the Coliseum. First, the Duke, with a swift sureness that augurs well for the cricket field when he goes to Eton, held a beautiful catch when a plum-pudding came hurtling up to the Royal Box from the stage during a distribution of presents, and then, with the Duchess and the Princess, he went on to the stage after the show, and met the pantomime "horse" and "cat" and other members of the cast. Lord and Lady Herbert were with the Duchess, and they brought with them their own two children, the Hon. Herbert and the Hon. Diana, who are great friends of the young Kents. As a final treat, the Royal party was taken for a ride on the revolving stage of the Coliseum—an experience shared by few outside the world of the theatre.

Privy Council Appointments

THE appointment of two women to be "Members of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council" has caused attention to turn to this little-known, but very highly-important instrument of our constitution, and both Miss Florence Horsbrugh and Miss Ellen Wilkinson, the two thus honoured, have been bombarded with questions from friends about their new posts.

Actually, the Privy Council, to which only one other woman—Miss Margaret Bondfield, M.P.—has ever been admitted, is more important, and very much busier, in these days than ever before in its long history, which stretches back into Saxon times, since all the restrictions and controls, from food rationing and the dim-out to the prohibition on flying kites (did you know it is an offence?), at which we are apt to grumble so much, emanate from it in the shape of Orders in Council. There are some 300 members of the Council, each of them entitled to the appellation of "Right Honourable," but at the meetings of the Council which

the King holds about once a week, it is rare for there to be more than four Councillors present, and these are usually the Ministers or officials responsible for the matters dealt with by that day's Orders. Only on exceptional occasions, such as the accession of a new sovereign, does the whole Council meet.

Presence of the two women M.P.s on the Scroll of Councillors may possibly indicate that the King intends to appoint Princess Elizabeth to the Council in the not distant future—perhaps on her nineteenth birthday next April.

New Year Party

THE HON. MRS. EMMETT's ten-year-old daughter, Anne, in a white frock and wearing a wreath on her head, heralded the arrival of the New Year at a party given by

her grandmother, the octogenarian Lillias Lady Rennell of Rodd, at her house in Spanish Place. After knocking ceremoniously at the door, Anne was admitted, and, with a spotlight shining down on her, she read a couple of verses of greeting written by Lady Rennell, after which the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley made a farewell speech to the Old Year in traditional style.

It was a very jolly party which started at nine o'clock, and at supper a cake was cut in honour of the Hon. Mrs. Simon Elwes's birthday. In addition to Lady Rennell's numerous family, there were a number of friends of the diplomatic world represented among the guests, which was not surprising, since Lady Rennell has spent most of her life as chatelaine at different embassies where the late Lord Rennell was en poste. The Swiss Minister, with his attractive wife, was present, Madame Ruegger, making good progress with her English, which she is most anxious to perfect; Lord Derwent and Prince Sapieha, were others there, as well as Lady Middleton, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, Lady Abingdon, Lady Crossfield with her adopted children, Mrs. Ralph Gore and Mrs. Oliver Parker.

Premiere

THE DUCHESS OF KENT and a large crowd of diplomats filled the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on the first night of *Wilson*, the



Mrs. Mathews, M.B.E.

Mrs. Mary Mathews, founder and chairman of the Officers' Kit Replacement Organisation, received the M.B.E. in the New Year's Honours. The wife of Lt.-Gen. George Mathews, R.M., she has lost both her sons in the war



Lady Baron, Y.M.C.A. Worker

Lady Baron prepares food in the kitchen of the new premises taken over by the Y.M.C.A. near Victoria Station. Here there are hot baths, a barber's shop, a rest room and other facilities for men and women returning on leave



Trying Out a Mettlesome Steed

The Duke of Kent helped to control the pantomime horse when he and Princess Alexandra, with the Duchess of Kent, went to a performance of "Goody Two Shoes" at the London Coliseum. Up aloft with Princess Alexandra is the Hon. Diana Herbert, who went to the pantomime with her parents, Lord and Lady Herbert

Technicolor film that has raised over £5000 for Toc H Clubs in Burma.

The Duchess, who was received by Lady Abingdon, chairman of the Film Committee, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rank, Mr. John Davis and Mr. Harley, wore black under her mink coat, and carried a nosegay of white camellias in her white-gloved hands.

The theatre looked very gay. Forty-eight American State flags hung from the ceiling, while Royal trumpeters from the stage sounded a fanfare as the Duchess entered and the National Anthem was played by the combined bands of the Royal Military School of Music and Queen Mary's Own Hussars.

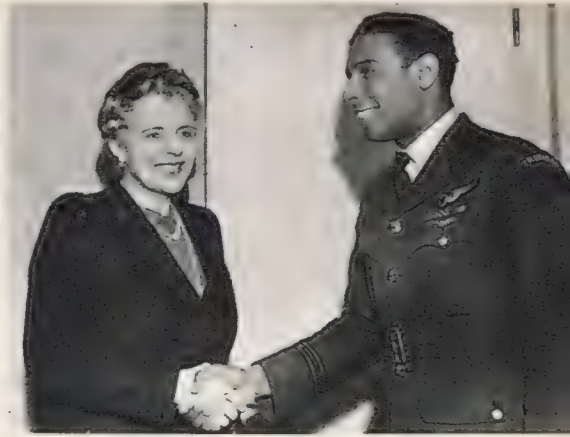
In the Audience

A BRILLIANT Anglo-American audience were assembled to see the screen biography of America's last-war President. It is the film which Mr. Churchill insisted on seeing twice when he was in Quebec, and the experts say

that the fine interior shots of the White House are faithful reproductions. Certainly the Wedgwood blue-and-white design of the famous Blue Room was shown to perfection.

Among the audience I noticed the Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, doyen of the Diplomatic Corps; M. Goussef, the Soviet Ambassador; M. Massigli, the French Ambassador; Admiral Stark, of the U.S. Navy; Mr. C. R. Attlee, the Deputy Prime Minister—whom few in the audience guessed was at that moment acting for Mr. Churchill while the Prime Minister was in France; Lord Margesson, former Chief Whip; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hore-Belisha; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, the First Sea Lord; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, Chief of Fighter Command; Marie Lady Willington; Sir Richard and Lady Peck; Lord and Lady Woolton; and Sir John and Lady Anderson.

(Concluded on page 88)



Congratulating a West Indian

Here is Lady Dawson, chairman of the Ladies' War Services Committee of the West India Committee, congratulating F/Lt. Ulric Cross, from Trinidad, on being awarded the D.S.O. He also has the D.F.C.



At the Shamrock Club Ball

Gen. Sir Hubert and Lady Gough were at the ball at Grosvenor House held in aid of the Shamrock All-Services Club, of which he is president. Irish pipers entertained the guests during the evening



Swaebe

Auspicious Occasion for Beatrice Helma Doddridge

The baby daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. David Doddridge was christened at Sunningdale Church. She had two Royal godmothers, and this picture, taken after the ceremony, shows Princess Marie Louise, Mrs. Doddridge and her daughter; Princess Helena Victoria, and Miss Philippa Cunliffe-Owen (another godmother). Behind, Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen



Distinguished Sailor's Daughter is Christened

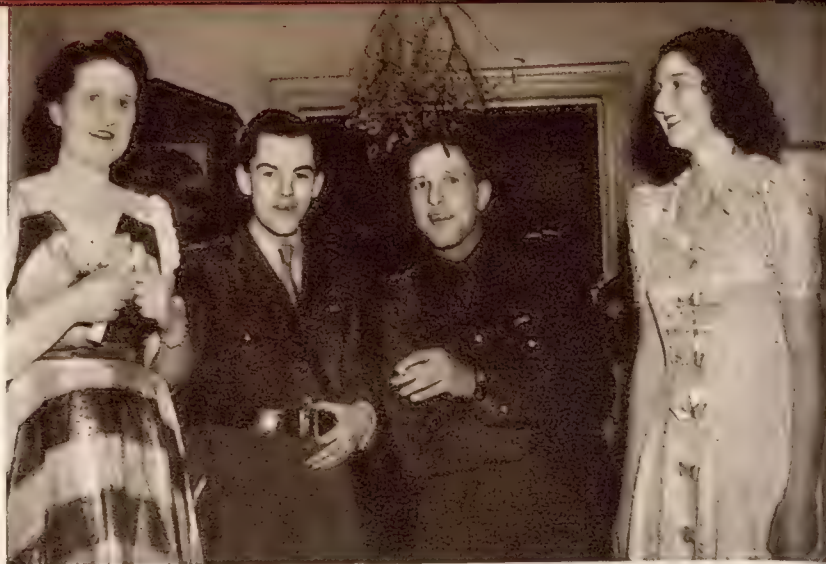
Capt. A. W. Buzzard, O.B.E., D.S.O., R.N., is seen with his wife and baby daughter, Gillian Margaret, who was christened at West Clendon Church, near Guildford. Capt. Buzzard commanded H.M.S. Gurkha in action off Norway, and received the O.B.E. for distinguished services at the sinking of the Bismarck



Mrs. Holdsworth, member of the dance committee, Capt. J. A. Nevinson and (behind) Sir George Crichton

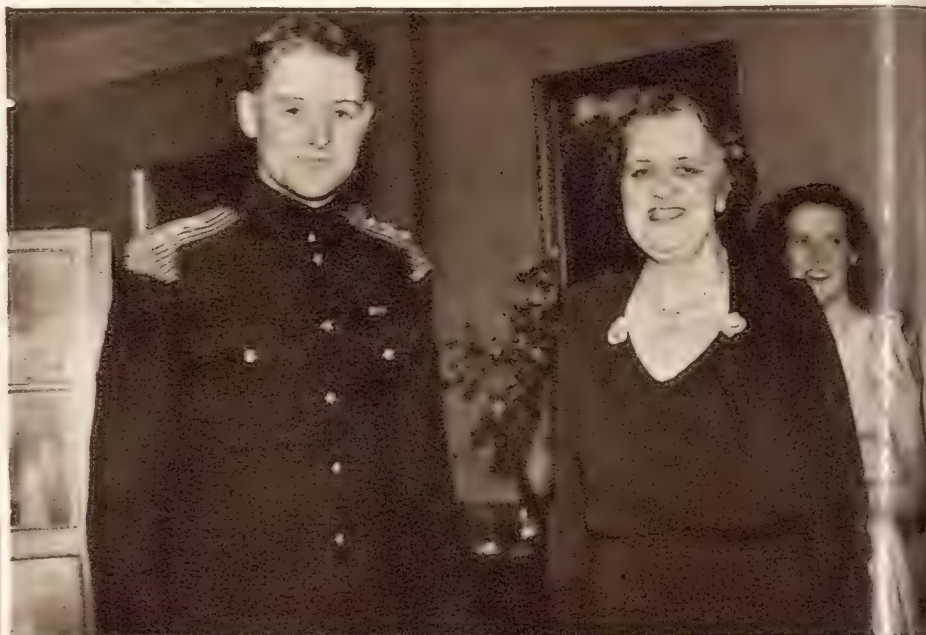
● A dance in aid of Princess Christian's Maternity Home at Windsor was held at Queen's Acre, Windsor, home of Col. the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton. The band of the Welsh Guards played during the evening, and the rooms were decorated with flowers sent from the Royal gardens. Sir George Crichton, who formerly commanded the Coldstream Guards, has been Extra Equerry to the King since 1935. Lady Mary was joint-chairman of the dance committee

Photographs by Swaebe



Under the mistletoe: Miss Barbara Crichton, Lt. Kim Tickell, Lt. R. D. Rogers and Miss Ann Crichton

Charity Dance at Windsor



Capt. Patrick Crichton, R.A., and Lady Mary Crichton



Lady Manton, Lord Douro, Mrs. Williams, Lady Elizabeth Clive, Major Murray-Smith, Capts. J. Thynne and M. A. Lamb



Capt. A. H. Nicholson and Mrs. David Crichton, daughter-in-law of Sir George Crichton



Capt. T. A. Henderson and Mrs. Hugh Williams (Margaret Vyner, the well-known actress)



Lady Grenfell and Major Sir Ulick Alexander, Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Purse



Lt. J. W. A. Greenish, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, Mrs. F. Bland and Major John Wills



Air Vice-Marshal T. W. Elmhirst, A.O.C. Administration Second T.A.F., and his family



Capt. Peter Flower and Lady Gloria Fisher



Miss P. Brand, Capt. Henderson and Lady Douro



Mrs. Peter Flower and Capt. J. P. Pollack



Major Sir Hugh Cholmeley, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. G. A. Murray-Smith



The Hon. Rupert Watson, Miss Penelope and Miss Jean Henderson and Capt. M. Grazebrook



Capt. G. Bruce, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Lt. Courtney, Mrs. H. Macleod and Capt. Gowans

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MARSHAL PÉTAIN'S secret papers have been discovered in a truck at Vichy, an item which will hardly detain crime-thriller fans. Like an electric shock to them would have been the news, when the truck was opened, that it contained the Marshal's socks, shirts, handkerchiefs and underwear.

Luggage-office attendants at the principal London railway termini are even more languid, a chap in close touch tells us. When they see a citizen staggering up with a heavy trunk nowadays a brief and rather grumbly dialogue may ensue. *E.g.:*

"Can't you blokes ever do anybody in under fifteen stone?"

"You gimme my ticket."

They scribble out the ticket ("Body—I"), heave the trunk on a shelf, still grumbling, and go on picking their teeth till the cops arrive. Robert Louis Stevenson started this racket with his story *The Saratoga Trunk*, and as railway chaps think he also invented the Rocket, they don't like to say too much. Now and again shareholders ask questions at board-meetings—generally clergymen—but the Chairman soon deals with them.

"Er—may I ask how many bodies in trunks are in the Company's main-line left-luggage offices at the moment?"

Here the Chairman points sternly to the full-length portrait of George Stephenson behind him, and the clergyman bows his head and sits down.

"Any other questions?"

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

This is a question frequently asked at railway board-meetings, generally by a spinster lady in love with the Chairman. A long, intimate discussion on Love follows, or at any rate did when we were on the Board of the Great Western. But that is a rather sweet old line altogether.

Reward

HAPPENING to be in a room recently with a chap who was yawning through the Honours List and suddenly came across his name in it, we have to record that the cry which springs to the lips of chaps in such circumstances is "Good God!" Followed by a short yelp of mirth.

Having earned what he got by hard work of extreme national importance, and being therefore sincerely surprised and pleased, this chap did not put on the tense little New Year drama of staggered astonishment and overwhelmed incredulity sometimes put on by big business boys who win great honours in peace-time by cornering glue and fixing everything with the Party Chest six months beforehand. We knew one of these who carried on like Sarah Bernhardt in *Hamlet*, over-acting so much that even his

confidential private secretary smelt a rat. Some retired West End actor should open a School of Deportment for such as he.

"Left hand clenched, please. Slight dramatic start forward. Not too much. Slightly crumple *The Times*. Eyes over my right shoulder, dazed expression."

"Should I say anything?"

"Wait a moment. That left leg—relax it a bit. Right. Hold the expression. Now say in a tense whisper: 'I'm in!'"

"Can't I say 'Public services!'"

"Good Heavens, no. A laugh would kill it."

Another way of improving the acting of big boys in this position is to make them do something beforehand to earn whatever they win, but this takes longer.

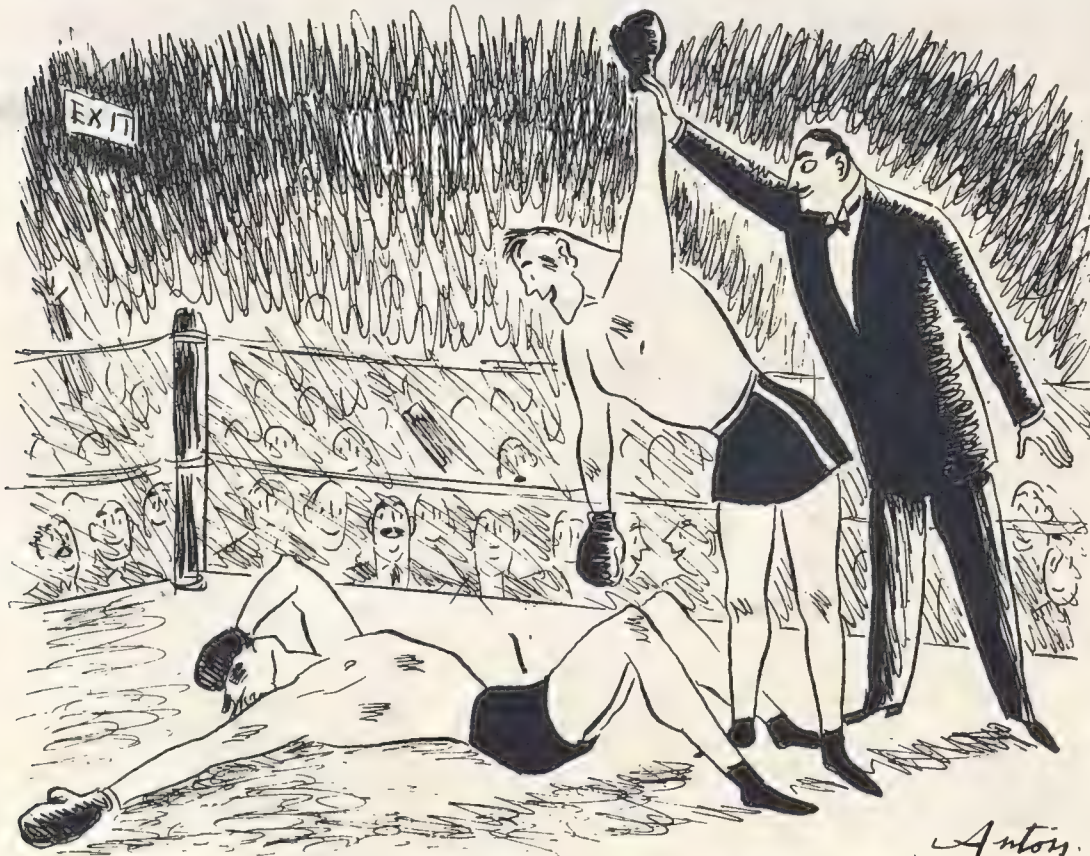
Lure

SEASIDE holiday-towns from Norfolk to Dorset having been given the "all clear" by the Ministry of Food, their normal joie-de-vivre is expected to begin again this coming summer, they think.

Unlike some chaps, we never lift a superior eyebrow at the average British seaside resort, having known far more exciting things happen in Torquay or Worthing than in Biarritz or Cannes. No visitor to any Continental resort suddenly goes crazy on the Promenade of a Sunday afternoon and howls like a dog, for example. We saw this once happen at Lyme Regis, where Miss Louisa Musgrove (of *Persuasion*, by Jane Austen) fell off the Cobb. Have you ever asked yourself why she fell off the Cobb? No? She was plastered. Miss Austen does not say so, for a very good reason. Miss Louisa was utterly shellacked, like Captain Wentworth, who failed to catch her on the rebound. Why were they thus bottled? Because Lyme Regis was too much for them. Starting with "just one" Dubonnet about 11 a.m. they were probably on to double Pernods by lunchtime. Asked later to leave three cafés, the Municipal Casino, the racecourse, and the bull-ring,



"This is just a preliminary reconnaissance"



"I hope I haven't given you my cold"

(Concluded on page 78)



Capt. the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, brother of the Earl of Airlie, was with his wife, who joined the ranks of Irish owners last year. She had two runners at the meeting



Miss Dorothy Roche and Capt. Roderic O'Connor were there. He is in the Durham Light Infantry, and his father is heir-presumptive to the ancient Irish title, the O'Connor Don; last High King of Ireland



Sir John Maffey, British Representative in Eire, was at the races, and with him here is Mrs. Michael Beary, wife of the well-known jockey

January Racing

A First Meeting in Ireland

● The first Irish race-meeting of the year took place at Baldoyle, Dublin, recently. Miss Dorothy Paget scored a double with Doremi in the Claremont 'Chase and Selyn, winner of the Stayers' Plate. The Feltrim Hurdle Race was won by Mrs. Doyle's Pelorus, with Mr. G. M. King's Green Ginger second, and Mr. Joe McGrath's Tayanglet third



Mrs. More-O'Ferrall, mother of Mr. Roderic More-O'Ferrall, the trainer, was in the paddock with Lord Glentoran, a former Minister for Agriculture in the Northern Ireland Parliament



Sir Oliver Lambart, nephew of Lord Brabazon, is seen above with Lady Nelson at Badoyle. She is the wife of Sir James Nelson, a member of the Irish Turf Club, and well known in Irish racing circles



Capt. P. A. O'Reilly was escorting Miss Grania Kennedy, W.A.A.F. He is a nephew of Capt. Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer, and she is Viscount Jocelyn's sister

Photographs by
Poole, Dublin

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Miss Louisa said: "Let's jump off the Cobb and fly to America, like beagles—I mean seagulls." Captain Wentworth said: "Hoo(hic)-ray."

You will ask why Miss Austen suppressed this. Delicacy is the reason; instinctive delicacy, and a terrible, terrible headache due to writing. Bath papers; please copy.

Change

ACCORDING to Nazi radio, Hitler now has a "silver glimmer" in his hair; the result, we guess, of dying so often in Fleet Street lately.

Silver hair will improve the Hitler dial, as it improves the most dumb or rascally pan, especially in politics, lending it dignity and venerable poise. It is especially becoming in women, reminding their admirers of a marquise of the Revolution about to sweep proudly to the guillotine (and maybe losing their dainty silver noggins would be one more improvement in some public sweet-hearts we can think of). It is also becoming in editors—dear men, dear persons—who should cultivate the trim silver Late-Victorian Muttonchop as well, like the great Frederick Greenwood of the *St. James's Gazette*, who launched Barrie. Silver hair and whiskers enabled Greenwood to take any roguey-poguey that was coming, though his photograph shows firm cleanshaven lips tightly closed, as if he was keeping something to himself but only just.

You know incidentally the old romantic ballad:

"Golden threads among the silver—
Darling, you look like a
chilver!" (etc.)

We had a bitter argument recently with an agriculturist who swore that a chilver is not, as we thought, a kind of sheep, but a kind of goat; in which case the whole song falls to the ground and becomes a wail from the Ladies' Annexe of the Athenæum.

Hope

THOUGH not so vexingly rich as any of the twelve Great Companies of London (such as the Mercers, whose total income is £100,000 a year) the Girdlers, who have just voted £400 from one of their charities for the poor in London hospitals, probably cut up pretty warm when they die, as we City boys say, rubbing our huge avaricious paws.

The Girdlers' function is, or was, to make girdles, our spies report; a pleasant and inoffensive occupation—unlike, for example, that of the Horners, described by an 18th century City historian as "a useful but a finking Trade." Business probably isn't what it was with the Girdlers, for the Island Race in the 18th century had enormous stomachs, owing to continuous boozing and guzzling, and needed extensive girdling and bracing. Our only surprise is that the

Girdlers have not faded out altogether, with such delightful guilds as the Lymnours, or manuscript-illuminators, the Burlesters, who built crossbows, the Spurriers, the Whitawyers, who dressed white glove-leather, and about fifty others. They hang on, maybe, hoping stomachs will come in again.

Racket

OVERAWED by the pained dignity of the Deputy Director of Public Relations to one of the Ministries, an M.P. who was recently raising Cain to Auntie Times about the hostile imbecility of some rustic jack-in-office will probably be sorry he started anything.

Bureaucrats employ Public Relations officials not because bureaucrats give two hoots what the public says or thinks, but because they need buffers or stooges to keep the serfs at a proper distance from their sacred persons. This is not the original idea of the racket, which started in America. Public Relations boys there are kept by trusts, corporations, and private millionaires to soothe and sweeten the surly public with newspaper stories saying how nice they are, how kind to animals, and so forth, and to distract the populace's attention from some Bill about to be rushed through Congress. *Autres pays, autres mœurs*. In this country it is, and increasingly will be, the duty of Ministry stooges to preserve poise and polish, thus making any citizen who revolts against bureaucratic oppression feel a perfect stinker. Is it (for example) cricket?



"They followed me all the way from Kimble's Farm. I think it must be this coat I'm wearing"

Prattling

KEENLY interested in the modern poetry boys, despite their unpleasing habits, we heartily agreed with one of them who was crying recently that we must get Back to Wordsworth and Simplicity. This is so easy that we wonder nobody has done it long ago. You start off with a simple idea and prattle, thus:

I saw a poor old whisker'd Man
Engag'd in piling logs,
"Thou harmless Babe!" I
gently said,
He said: "Get off my dogs!"
"Get off my blasted feet," he
cried,
And stamped around and
swore,
I griev'd to see an aged Man
So evil and so sore.

You are now well into your subject, namely the old man's feet, which are large, swollen, and covered with bunions, and his bad temper. You proceed to pick him a daisy and beg him to emulate the modest behaviour of that flower.

The Daisy does not rave and
swear
With venom, rage and bile,
It teaches us to love and live,
And wear a sunny smile.

This gets the old so-and-so down at length and you leave him weeping quietly. Maybe he then hobbles straight home, beats his wife and breaks up the crockery. As to the economics angle, we find Daddy Wordsworth never gave anybody anything but advice (barring a girl named Annette Vallon, but we won't go into that). Jump to it, poetrys.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Six Portraits



The Hon. Mrs. William le Poer Trench was Miss Diana Younger, and is a daughter of Sir William Younger, Bt., of Auchen Castle, Dumfries. Her marriage to the Earl of Clancarty's half-brother took place in 1940. Mrs. le Poer Trench is doing full-time work at I.S.R.B.



Mrs. J. W. Hathorn, widow of F/O. John William Hathorn, the test pilot who was killed while flying in 1940, is the daughter of the late Mr. Douglas Gilmour, and of Mrs. Gilmour, of The Manor House, Prestbury, and a niece of Viscountess Younger of Leckie. She has been in the W.A.A.F. since 1942



Mrs. J. O. H. Burrough is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jourdan, of Claremont Cape, South Africa. Her marriage to Lieut. John Burrough, R.N., elder son of Vice-Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., and Lady Burrough, of Eastergate, Sussex, took place a short time ago



Lady Dudley, wife of S/Ldr. Lord Dudley, R.A.F.V.R., of Mear House, Kempsey, Worcestershire, was for some time a full-time V.A.D., and is now working for the W.V.S. in Sussex. She was married in 1941, and was formerly Miss Kirsten Albrechtson, daughter of Herr L. A. Albrechtson, of Vibsig, Denmark



Mrs. Denis Blomfield-Smith, formerly Miss Rosemary Abercrombie-Smyth, was married in 1943. Her husband, Capt. Denis Blomfield-Smith, was wounded while serving with the Gunners in Italy, and returned to England in time to be at the christening of their baby daughter at the Royal Garrison Church, Aldershot



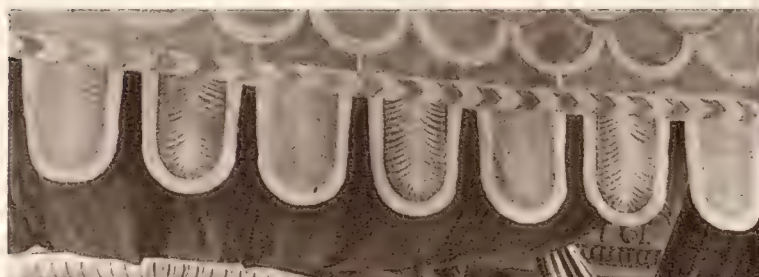
Mrs. Richard Hawkins was married last April, and is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Robert Stafford, of Ministray, Shropshire. Her husband, Lieut. R. H. Hawkins, Coldstream Guards, is the only son of the late Major Henry Hawkins, of Everdon Hall, Northampton. His father was a former Master of the Grafton and the Atherley Foxhounds

Photographs by Harlip, Lenare and Yevonde

“Cæsar and Cleopatra”

Pre-View Glimpses of Britain's Greatest Screen Undertaking in Technicolor to Date

● The filming of George Bernard Shaw's play, *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, has proved a monster undertaking. For months now the film has been “on the floor” at Denham Studios and it is by no means completed yet. Producer and director Gabriel Pascal, the man who made the two earlier Shaw films, *Pygmalion* and *Major Barbara*, is a stickler for detail. Nothing short of perfection is good enough. To support his two stars, Claude Rains as Julius Cæsar and Vivien Leigh as the young Queen Cleopatra, Pascal has assembled an impressive cast. In it, apart from those who appear pictorially on these pages, are Francis L. Sullivan as Pothinus, Renee Ascherson and Olga Edwards as Iras and Charmian, the two handmaidens, and Robert Adams as the Nubian Slave. Alan Wheatley, Michael Rennie, Gordon Cantry, Ernest Thesiger, Stanley Holloway, Charles Victor, Antony Holles and Guy Verney are others



At a magnificent banquet held on the roof-palace at Alexandria, Cleopatra entertains guests, Cæsar (Claude Rains), Rufio (Benjamin Godfrey), Apollodorus (Stewart Granger). It is during this banquet that, at Cleopatra's bidding, Flaccus



Cleopatra is warned of treachery. Pothinus is attempting to influence Cæsar against her, persuading him that she is a traitor, unworthy of his support. She goes up to her roof-garden banquet-hall and discovers Pothinus there with Cæsar. With her fanatically loyal nurse, Flaccus (Flora Robson), close behind her, Cleopatra (Vivien Leigh) confronts Cæsar (Claude Rains)

The great Cæsar plans a... the flame, and with the... floor of the roof-garden. Rufio (Benjamin Godfrey), British Secretary (Cecil De Mille)



A triumphal march through Alexandria takes Caesar on his way to the Galley which is to take him to Rome. Followed by Rufio, Britannus and his Generals, he is hailed by vast, cheering crowds. (Over 900 extras were used for this scene)

arden of her
her three
(Sydney) and
this banquet
ers Pothinus



ign. Seizing one of the lighted flares he extinguishes
stump draws out his plan of battle on the stone
Lucius Septimius (Raymond Lovell) and Britannus, his
watch the strategical genius of their master unfold



The young Queen is enraged. In her words and bearing are embodied the imperious will, the masculine boldness, the relentless ambition which made the Queens of Egypt famous throughout the world in the days before Philip and Alexander. Caesar watches, quizzical and entranced



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Director-General of the B.B.C. : Mr. W. J. Haley

Mr. William John Haley joined the British Broadcasting Corporation as Editor-in-Chief in November 1943, and in May 1944 was appointed Director-General on the resignation of Mr. Robert Foot. Born in Jersey, where he first went into journalism, he worked as a wireless operator at sea during the last war, and in 1921 he joined *The Times* editorial staff, working in Brussels. The following year he joined the *Manchester Evening News* as junior reporter, and within four years became its chief sub-editor. In 1942 Mr. Haley carried out a commission to the U.S.A. on behalf of Reuters, and another to Australia, where he met Mr. Curtin, General MacArthur, and many other distinguished personalities. Flying home via America, he called at Pearl Harbour. He is well known in the United States, where he has friendly and valuable relationships with the publishing world. He has for many years reviewed books in the *Manchester Evening News*

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Essay

THE Essay is, I believe, the most difficult form in literary art. One's inhibitions on the subject of essay-writing, and, often, one's shyness of essay-reading, may date from unwise teaching at school. At the age of about twelve one proceeded, in English lessons, from the unalarming "composition" to the essay—ringed round with prohibitions and with its stern invitation to abstract thought. The exclusion of narrative, of out-and-out description and of the word "I" was enjoined. How pathetic were one's class-room attempts at essays, swollen, to the point of elephantiasis, with abstractions, bristling with quotations, callously didactic! Does the practice of essay-setting persist, in the best schools, still? For really, how hopeless to set very young people to a task which many mature and accomplished writers would prefer not to attempt, or have, anyhow, never successfully achieved!

The main psychological rule, I suppose, of an essay is that it should be reflective. Young people are not reflective—they are too busy registering impressions; they deal in vivid, emotional reflexes. Reflection implies maturity. The child and the young person—as, also, a number of people in after-life—only seek for their own reading, and read with genuine pleasure, those essayists who break the schoolroom rules. These delightful, unacademic sinners multiply. For, since the early nineteenth century, English literature shows an unbroken romantic trend. The class-room's iron definitions of form show a time-lag. Progressively, the essay has loosened up.

Values

THIS, like all forms of romanticism, can go too far. Let us not lose the distinction between freedom and anarchy. Form, in art as in all things, we must have—form only becomes despotic or over-rigid when the creative spirit flutters, slackens or pales. I admire much in Charles Morgan's *Reflections in a Mirror* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.); I admire most that this writer has re-animated the essay in its most classic form. No early rule of the school-room is—as a point of interest—broken here. Yet the remoteness, the didacticism, the abstractions associated with the essay in the schoolroom are missing.

Yes, one rule is broken, and that with deliberation and good effect. This was done at second remove, when these essays became a book. For originally they appeared, one by one, as that unsigned series, "Menander's Mirror," so well known to readers of *The Times Literary Supplement*. *The Times* and its daughter the *Supplement* forbid "I"—for reasons both traditional and conclusive. Who indeed is to question that stronghold of the dignities of journalism? None the less, I am glad that, during their revision, Mr. Morgan admitted his "I" to the essays. The gain in intimacy is great, the loss in

dignity none. The "Menander" mask—how baffling it was to readers, or to how many readers, I do not know—being now removed from Morgan's face, there seems no reason why he should not speak as himself.

"Menander's Mirror" was "a series of essays on contemporary values in life and literature." The pessimist might say: "How write essays on what barely exists?"—for, indeed, these times are unfriendly to evaluation of any kind; and "contemporary values" often seem nil—or scant. But remember, no value exists till it is defined; so that, to define the values of any day is, at least to an extent, to create them. You may quarrel (though, in most cases, I doubt it) with Mr. Morgan's definitions: you cannot but be glad that they have been made.

Life and Literature

AGGRESSIVENESS, provocation, was never the essay's province; and never—here the classic control comes in—was essayist less aggressive than Mr. Morgan. He has, all the same, a way of saying, calmly, what has not been said before and was overdue to be said. Objections to our dear friend, the Common Man (or, his alter ego, the Little Man), may by now have been stated, but never quite, I think, with just this fairness. (His essays "On Being Born Now" and "The Uncommon Man" are, in this context, certainly to be read.) Mr. Morgan's absence of anger is itself an asset, in these stupefyingly angry days. How some of our younger but not-quite-so-young-now literary figures will like being referred to as "the stale vanguard" I do not know; but the comment is made in sorrow, not in the other thing.

The first essay, "In Search of Values," provides a key to the design and intention of



Fayer
British Pianist Harriet Cohen, C.B.E., has for the past five years worked unceasingly for the entertainment of the Services, giving two and three concerts a week for them, apart from her own more routine engagements. Her playing of the Cornish Rhapsody in the film "Love Story" was the highlight of the film, and its success throughout the country has been sensational

Reflections in a Mirror. Of the essays, as a collection, their author says:

Their range is wide. A reader who comes upon one by chance may see in it only a discussion of a particular subject, and may for that reason be the better entertained; but there is, nevertheless, a free relationship between them, which will, I hope, appear gradually, as it might in the continued conversations of friends. In discussing the rise or decline in public favour of an author or an idea, I have tried not only to note the fact and comment on it, but to inquire how much of the change is to be dismissed as a swerve of fashion, and how much of it is more deeply significant as a pointer to an enduring change of values. If the essays are concerned with literature, they avoid coteries like the plague; if with war, they are innocent of strategy; if with social problems, they are, at any rate, not an arsenal for any party. That prejudice will be found in them is certain and even desirable, provided that the writer admits, as he does most freely, that his, like all opinion, is, in part, emotional. Finally, these papers ask more questions than they presume to answer.

Mr. Morgan's essays on other countries—"The Return of France," "The Idea of Europe," "Italia Irredenta"—should supply a worthy directive to thought and feeling. On life as an art he is excellent—as "La Douceur de Vivre," "A Leisureed Civilization" and "On Unrelated Knowledge" show. His anti-materialism is something stronger than emotional prejudice. In the literary group, the essay on Emily Brontë takes first place; but those on Turgenev, Hardy and Tolstoy stand out for

(Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

IF I were a retiring director and a grateful Board wished to present me with my own portrait, I think I should slay them with a spanner.

I cannot imagine anything more conducive to duodenal ulcers than to sit down to every meal facing a picture of yourself. I would infinitely prefer a bejewelled hot-water bottle, which would at least comfort me while waiting for death, and would be an heirloom much more appreciated by my descendants than myself sitting all stern and pompous, striving to register in one unforgettable expression why I had made such a success of a long and profitable life. Indeed, I can never understand why the gift of a portrait of yourself constitutes the most personal form of appreciation. An aluminium saucepan is far more blessed.

Sometimes I imagine that this majority-urge to be physically reproduced, or, at any rate, recorded—whether it be as a snapshot, a painting, on a plaque or on a tombstone—belongs to a kind of desperate clutch at prolonged mortality, like carving your name on the Sphinx or, failing all else, writing it on a lavatory wall. The tragedy is that in the long run nobody cares. Even the National Portrait Gallery is notable for its empty spaces in the middle. Elsewhere, the subject is lucky if he or she goes down

By Richard King

to fame as the work of the artist. They themselves are there only as a kind of excuse—like a lifelike painting of a fish on a plate.

How much nicer would it be if we were represented by a kind of symbol—something beautiful which represented us, but didn't look a bit like what our relations have long since got tired of. As it is, we go down a few years into posterity by grinning in innumerable ungainly positions in a snapbook, or striving to look handsome, sweet-tempered, intellectual and provocative, all registered by one fixed expression in a camera-portrait.

Moreover, think how much more interesting and beautiful our towns would be if, instead of dreadful-looking elderly men in togas or frock-coats, or on prancing steeds, they were commemorated by lovely fountains, or bathing nymphs, or radiant Apollos—or, in fact, any lovely image created out of the sculptor's inner fancy. I don't care how famous a man once was, or how magnificent his dignity in stone, if, in his towering eminence, he merely represents a bus-stop. When Queen Eleanor died, the King had the proper vision. He commemorated her by lovely crosses, not by her face and form dotted about all over the country, and by something beautiful she is remembered.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Labour-Saving

THERE may be many ticklish problems before us in this coming post-war Arcadia, and undoubtedly labour-saving contrivances will be amongst the most prominent. In one direction, however, so much fine spade-work has been done that the path seems to be already so bulldozed as to make progress just child's play. Reference is obviously made to correspondence and conversation. Thanks principally to the Fighting Services, Mr. Tommy Handley, Mrs. Mops and, more recently still, to General "Nuts" of the United States Army (and of Bastogne), the art of eliminating redundant verbiage has been brought to a perfection never before attained. The War Office must be given the credit for having built up the initial method of expression based, as we must presume, upon such crude foundations as P.T.O., K.T.L., P.P.C., etc., which even down to E.N.S.A. and S.S.A.F.A. far transcends anything that has gone before, and Mr. Handley and the charming lady, who has all our hearts in her keeping, have added many more rows of well and truly laid bricks.

So can we not now look forward with complete confidence to the time when, instead of four closely-typed pages commencing: "Further to ours of the 1st inst. in reply to yours of the 31st ult., we feel that we must still adhere to our original statement that you are in error . . ." time will be saved by "D.N.B., A.D.C. (dumb cluck), T.T.F.N., G.T.H." And then the Hero of Bastogne! What clarity! What superb brevity! "Nuts!" We are told that the remarks of the German officer directing the pincers movement have not so far been recorded; but surely this is not necessary? It is suggested that it is any calculable odds on his having said "Frecher Kerl!" In good American, "frech" means "fresh." General "Nuts" McAuliffe may be depended upon to be just as terse next time—perhaps even more so.

Cheltenham

WE of the Press are not permitted during the traffic of bloody war to say a single word about the weather, just in case it gives away military secrets; but at Cheltenham lots of

people made use of the same two words, and hoped that no one from M.I.5 or the M.O.I. were within hearing. Not being very afraid of being shot at dawn, I say that I believe that the only people who were really warm were the jockeys. All the same, I have known it colder at Aintree in March, and at Newmarket even later in the year. There were plenty of brave people in addition to the jockeys at Cheltenham, and not a few beautiful ones. It needed courage to back horses which had not been out in public over obstacles since March 1942, and in one case, anyway, valour was rewarded, for Forestation (winner of the Champion Hurdle Race here on March 14, 1942) won the Berkeley Hurdle race at 9 to 4 on. That was not very nourishing! He beat Brains Trust quite comfortably, and that, anyway, was an achievement which few accomplish. For the big race, the New Year Steeplechase—the only 3-miler in the card—they made Roi d'Egypte a 13-to-8 favourite, presumably on the strength of his bloodless victory over this course in the 2-mile Cathcart Cup on March 21, 1942! In the actual event, Schubert, who ran fourth in the Gold Cup on the same date (in 1942), hit him for six and brought home the money for his supporters. He was, I think, much the better wager at 3 to 1, despite the fact that Medoc II. won that last Gold Cup very easily. Medoc II. might not, incidentally, have done so, as it is as well to mention, if Solarium had not come down over the last open ditch when leading and going well. I believe, and hope, that Mrs. Cameron's good-class jumper (Schubert) will win again as soon as he gets the chance, for he looks straight, and



Lord Aberdare, Sergt. Henry Quinn and Mrs. Menzies (Kay Stammers) watched the demonstration at Queen's Club. Sergt. Quinn is the official U.S. lawn-tennis coach



Charles Hare, the British Davis Cup player, now in the U.S. Army Air Corps, instructed young players at the first British lawn-tennis "clinic" at Queen's Club. These "clinics" have proved very successful in developing U.S. lawn-tennis



Miss Mary Hardwick (Mrs. Charles Hare), making her first appearance since returning from America, demonstrated strokes with the aid of Miss Dorit Herbst



London's First Lawn-Tennis "Clinic," Held at Queen's Club

How to serve was also shown to young players by Miss Hardwick, when she assisted the Junior Club of Great Britain in their demonstration at Queen's Club. While in America Miss Hardwick toured Naval and Army bases with Alice Marble



St. Mary's Hospital Beat Guy's Hospital at Rugger by 13 Points to 0

D. R. Stuart

St. Mary's fifteen look like retaining both the Hospitals and Middlesex Sevens Cups, having defeated Sandhurst O.C.T.U., St. Thomas's, Rosslyn Park, Aldershot Services, Oxford University and Guy's, being beaten by Bedford. In front: D. J. V. Morris, N. M. Hall. Sitting: P. R. Graham, R. W. Watson, E. K. Scott, D. J. B. Johnston (captain), N. O. Bennett, G. Robbins, A. Venniker. Standing: T. D. Hawkins, C. M. Bronse, E. T. Griffiths, J. B. Wild, P. W. L. Kelly, R. Mackenzie-Pratt, Sub-Lt. (S.) H. R. Rose (referee)

Guy's Hospital miss their South African contingent badly this season. They have beaten Aldershot Services, and drawn with St. Thomas's, but have lost to Oxford University, Middlesex, Bart.'s and St. Mary's Hospitals. In front: R. D. Willcock, K. P. Pritchard. Sitting: I. H. Hilliam, P. L. Brangwyn, A. Batty Shaw, R. G. L. Brittain (captain), V. C. Vidot, N. K. Macrae-Gibson, R. A. Dean. Standing: P. J. Dwyer, B. M. Gray, E. P. Mills, A. G. McCallum, C. H. Kinder, J. M. Pugh, Sub-Lt. (S.) Rose (referee)

he finished fresh as the dawn. As we saw in January 1942, he can get $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles without discomfort (vide Worcester). Finally, felicitations to all concerned upon a success and some excellent entertainment. I have not the nerve to add a word about the going, much as I think it desirable that such a word should always be said to make the picture complete.

Many Happy

To dear Old Brown Jack, who came of age on New Year's Day! And there may be many more, for twenty-one is not the extreme age in horses. That grand old pigsticker Carlew, owned by Brigadier (I think) J. Scott Cockburn, 4th Hussars, was thirty-two when he died in England on Guy Fawkes Day 1937. He won the Kadir Cup three times, and was in the semi-finals four times. A career like this was a harder one than anything on the turf, as many people know. In mentioning Old Brown Jack's great record—six Queen Alexandra Stakes in succession and his many other triumphs—one of his biographers forgot to mention that, after his retirement from racing, the owner, Sir Harold Wernher, hunted him in the Fernie country, the owner then being Joint-Master. Speaking from some sort of painful experience, I say that that country demands a timber specialist. There is plenty of it all over Leicestershire, but I give the palm to the "South Quorn." The Fernie were called that in Dick Sutton's days. It is a country in which an Australian horse will revel. Captain Frank Forester hunted the Quorn on Christmas Daisy, who won the Cambridge in two successive years, 1909 and 1910, and the late Lord Lonsdale, during his Quorn, Cottesmore and Woodland Pytchley masterships, seemed almost to prefer riding race-horses out hunting. An outstanding one in his case was Blue Blood, who was an entire, and he carried the well-beloved Yellow Earl very brilliantly in the Pytchley country and afterwards did well as a sire. Unfortunately, he was eventually sold to the German Government. Blue Blood was an own brother to Doncaster and his stud value was obvious. In those times, Lord Lonsdale was a close personal friend of the Kaiser, Wilhelm II.

Agincourt

An old and valued friend, whom I have called M.B.R.A. because he has served with those great specialists of the Royal Regiment, writes me, not having seen either the film cavalry charge or my recent note upon it:

"I have just been looking at the pictures of Henry V. in THE TATLER. I have not, of course,

seen the film, but it seems from all accounts to be farther from the facts than ever. I gather the film represents the French cavalry charging at speed over good turf against the English positions and being beaten off by arrow fire. As a matter of fact, the battle was fought over heavy ploughland, soaked by weeks of heavy rain, so that men and horses were hock-deep in mud. The French made a half-hearted attempt with a couple of small mounted detachments to ride down the archers without any success, as the horses could only move slowly through the mud. The main French attack was made on foot through a mile or more of heavy mud, with the result that, when they did close with the English line, they were so dead-beat they could not move, and Henry then let loose his lightly-armed archers to knock them over with their axes and hammers. It must have been a most unpleasant

predicament for a plate-clad knight to find his helmet knocked off while he stood helpless, and then be knocked on the head by an archer. Of course, most of these heavy casualty lists in mediæval battles were due to the systematic massacre of disabled men, prisoners and fugitives. I fancy that few well-armed horsemen came to much grief in the actual fight so long as they could stick to their horses. Talking of archers, I believe I am, strange to say, one of the few people who have actually seen and handled a genuine old English long-bow. The length must have been 6 ft. The horn tips had perished, but the wood was still perfectly good."

I much regret to learn that my old friend is suffering from the backfire of a twenty-six-year-old wound.



Presidents of the University Boat Clubs

D. R. Stuart

David Jamison (Radley and Magdalen) is President of the Oxford University Boat Club for 1945. He stroked the eight that beat Cambridge last spring. This year's race is on February 24

Ian Philipps (Winchester and Trinity) is Cambridge's President of the Boat Club for this year. He took his degree in engineering last summer, and is now an instructor at the University



A view of the paddock before the Shurdington Novices' Hurdle race, won by Major Carbutt's Tippet



A riderless horse takes the second fence with the field in the Borough Novices' Steeplechase, won by Mrs. T. A. Spier's Farther West



A lady owner, Mrs. Lavington, watched the racing through her race-glasses



Here is the starter, Major K. Robertson, going to the post before a race

Once Again !

National Hunt Season
Opens at Cheltenham

● After nearly three years, steeple-chasing was resumed under National Hunt rules at Cheltenham. In spite of transport difficulties, a very large number of people found their way to the course to enjoy the sport. The going was soft, and from the first it was plain that non-stayers had little chance



Lt. Hodson and Miss Ann Jones



Col. and Mrs. W. G. Lyon



Mrs. de Lisle Bush, Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Cox



Mrs. Keith Cameron's Schubert, ridden by his trainer, C. Beechener, won the New Year 'Chase



Major Carbutt's Tippet, Carey up, over hurdles for the first time, won the Shurdington Novices' Hurdle

THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
JANUARY 17, 1945
81



Forestation, ridden by R. Smyth, crashed through the last jump in the Berkeley Hurdle race, in which he was first



Mr. and Mrs. C. Gwinner were with Mrs. Sidney Wilkinson, who is an owner on the Flat



Mrs. Chance and Mrs. Robert Aikenhead were being escorted by Lt. Peter Aizlewood



The Earl and Countess of Liverpool



Mrs. A. Wingfield, Mrs. Prior Palmer, Brig. Wingfield and Miss P. Curtis

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 73)

Flat Searching

AMONG the many who are without a London home just now are the Lord Chancellor and Lady Simon, whose old quarters in the Palace of Westminster have recently been handed back to Lord Esme Gordon-Lennox. This flat, which is opposite the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, became the official residence of Lord Esme in his position as Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, when the apartments in the Victoria Tower, usually allotted to the holder of this post, had to be emptied for restoration work. Originally, it was used as quarters for Lord Chancellors, being a sort of equivalent to the Speaker's House, but it had not been occupied since the days of Lord Cave. Lord Esme gave up the flat when it was blitzed and took his wife and young daughter to the country, but as he has now had to return the country house to its owners, he has decided to return to London.

Family Parties

TRUE to Scottish tradition, family parties were the most popular up north over Christmas and the New Year. At Aske, their home in Yorkshire, the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland had their son,



Ambassador's Wife Opens Convalescent Home

Someewhere on the Continent a château has been taken over to be used as a convalescent home for officers of the women's Services serving with the British Army of Liberation. At the opening ceremony were Major Guise, Deputy Commissioner of the British Red Cross for North-West Europe; Major-Gen. E. Phillips, Director of Medical Services, 21st Army Group; Lady Knatchbull-Hugessen, who performed the opening ceremony; Miss B. Duncombe, Commandant of No. 2 British Red Cross Society Convalescent Home; Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, British Ambassador in Brussels; and Major-Gen. G. M. Lindsay, British Red Cross Commissioner for North-West Europe.

Lord naldshay, with his wife and son, Lord Dundas, up on a short visit, and Ronaldshay being on leave from military duties. Near by, at her home in Richmond, Yorkshire, the Hon. Mrs. Owen Tudor, Lord Hothfield's younger daughter, had her husband home on leave to spend Christmas; Sir John Blunt, who bought Headlam Hall a few years ago, had his two sisters with him; Mr. Peter Vaux, well-known amateur rider, was another at home with his wife and young family. He has two months' farming leave from the Air Force, and hopes to get some riding during the National Hunt season if the weather permits racing up north. Farther north, the Duchess of Buccleuch was entertaining her sister, Mrs. Bowes Daly, and young Dennis Daly, who is now at Eton. Major Bowes Daly is with the Household Cavalry Regiment in North-West Europe, and led his squadron in their splendid dash across France and Belgium last summer.

Stop-Press Roundabout

AT the May Fair the Duke of Devonshire, firmly holding the black-leather brief-case which he is seldom seen without, was talking to the Duchess of Devonshire, who was spending a few days in town; Sir Bernard Spilsbury welcomed his son, Capt. Richard Spilsbury, back after a year's absence; Sir Lacey Vincent and Mr. Richard Lonsdale-Hands were deep in conversation, no doubt on some intricate problems of post-war reconstruction. In another part of the hotel, a New Year's party was given by Lady Selsdon, at which the guests of honour were Count Manfred Czernin and Countess Maude Czernin, with their daughter, proudly celebrating her third birthday; near by F/Lt. Sir Michael Bruce entertained his very attractive fiancée, Miss Anne Disney, who is in the W.R.N.S. Their marriage is planned to take place this month.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 83)

qualities of their own. "On Picking Sides" comments on changing literary fashions.

Electric Sunset

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP" (Hamish Hamilton; 9s. 6d.) is Ludwig Bemelmans' first long novel. Readers of *I Love You, I Love You, I Love You* and *Hotel Splendide* will not wish to miss it. They may also be interested—I was—to see what Mr. Bemelmans (master, so far, of pieces so brief, so bizarre, so brilliant, so highly charged that they challenge classification as short stories) will make of this longer form. Will his novel be a long train of discharging fireworks; or will he, like someone going for a long walk, settle into a more or less even stride?

I must remark, at the outset, that Mr. Bemelmans, in *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep*, has by-passed several of the more ponderous difficulties of novel-writing—less, it would appear, because he is shy of tackling them than because he is unconscious of their existence. How, for instance, to make characters "interesting"? From the start, his people show a spontaneous magnetic power. They are, if you like, fabulous—fabulously wealthy, eccentric, pigheaded, decadent, simple, greedy or pious—but they are *not*, for some reason, incredible. That "some reason" must be the secret of Mr. Bemelmans' art. Then, how to move them (the characters) about? Mr. Bemelmans' General and his entourage, though in the first and last chapters photographed in a 100 per cent. repose, whiz, throughout the rest of the novel, at high velocity and in expensive discomfort, from Biarritz to Casablanca, from Casablanca to New York, from New York to Ecuador, in retreat before the storm of war.

Leonidas Erosa is a South American General, ageing, fabulously (as stated above) wealthy, a sufferer from le grand mal. To the Ecuador estate, from which he derives his income, he has, when the story opens, no mind to return. We find him in his Villa Amelita—rose-pink, statue-encrusted, garden-embowered, uphill outside Biarritz. With him dwell Miss Graves, an ageing English governess, with a suspended desire for suicide; a French cook, who is at once demon and paragon; his dogs; and the Indian in charge of them. An outer ring of employees—a chaplain, a housekeeper of fading beauty, a masseur and a German engaged in non-stop execution of one portrait of the General after another—contribute to the routine of the General's day. Is a mere world war to interrupt this routine? When embarkation becomes imperative, Miss Graves takes with her a specially-ordered coffin, which is to contain, on the course of the journey, the General's cigars and an escaped murderer. En route, the General acquires a mistress, a secretary, a salamander. The bourne is Villa Amelita II., the General's birthplace in Ecuador. Here a strange fulfilment, at once voluptuous and mystic, awaits him. *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* has, behind its exoticism, a poetic majesty that is moving: it is the tale of an old man's journey home.

Spain

"NO MORE THAN HUMAN," by Maura Laverty (Longmans; 8s. 6d.), is the engaging story of the adventures of a young Irish girl who goes as a governess to Spain. These revelations of the Irish-Spanish governess racket (based on the Spanish wish that their young should acquire English without being exposed to the wicked Protestant), I must say, shocked me: I felt that the good nuns back in Ireland should have knocked a little more sense into Delia's head before exporting her to take her chances in Madrid at seventeen-and-a-half. Delia herself, though hare-brained, rapidly grows on one: she shows, all the time, sterling courage, and by the end she acquires sterling good sense. The story opens in 1924 and closes four years later. Delia (who speaks in the first person) regrets that her impressions were not more intellectual: actually, one is grateful, in these days, for this purely human, non-party, warm-hearted and exceedingly vivid picture of the Spanish and their ways.

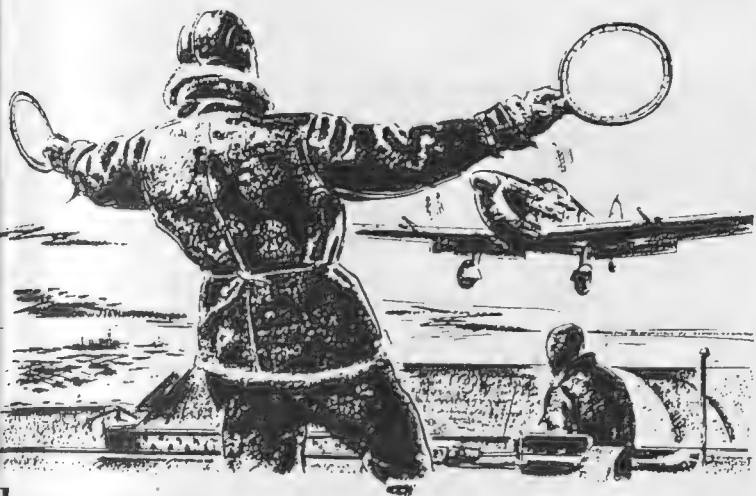
Marrow in Battersea

IN John Rhode's *Vegetable Duck* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.) the war is, you will be thankful to hear, over. Mrs. Fransham, whose demise provides the plot, therefore lost my sympathy, at the outset, by having for dinner, in her Battersea home, vegetable duck—once war is over, one hopes not to eat "mock" anything. Mr. Fransham had been saved from the fatal marrow by what proved a phoney telephone call. His resemblance to Mr. Wallace, of Liverpool, struck me before it struck Inspector Waghorn, who is sometimes a bit slow. The plot, in the main, is watertight, and first-rate.

"Here They Come Again"

"HERE they come again," warns the Thurber lady, shrinking back from the table. And here, thanks to the transatlantic service of Messrs. Hamish Hamilton, publishers, come two of the most drastic, brilliant American comic artists. The now world-famous Thurber gives us *Men, Women and Dogs* (10s. 6d.), which has a Preface by Dorothy Parker. "My heart," she says, "used to grow soft at the sight of his dogs; now it turns completely liquid. . . . The artist has gone into the language. How often we say, 'He is a Thurber man' or 'Look at that woman—she's a perfect Thurber.' And God help us and them, we are always understood." Whitney Darrow, Junior's *You're Sitting on my Eyelashes* (15s.), if not yours in time to ensure you an eerie Christmas, should at least provide a pretty batty New Year. These two picture-books are a literature in themselves.

★'Seafire' coming in. "Bats" gives the signal and—nose well up, with plenty of engine—she sinks rapidly to the flight deck to hook on to the arrester-wire. Speed is the essence of it: speed of landing: speed of stopping: sometimes only twenty seconds between machines. But the tyres can take it. Firestone take the strain.



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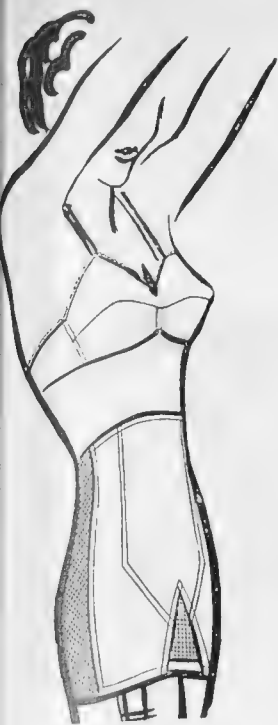


THE LONG SKIRT has a formal look; it has a graceful, elegant air, is just right for the hostess entertaining in her own home. Harvey Nichols have this in blue, its long lines emphasised by the very becoming ruching and the long tassels which hang well below the knee. (£18 12. 7.)

Photographs by Dermot Conolly

THE SHORT SKIRT wins where transport problems are involved. This is another of the dresses in the Small Size Department of Harvey Nichols; it is a dress with a hundred uses, simple but smart, its chief interest centred on the folded hip-line pockets. (£16 17. 4.)





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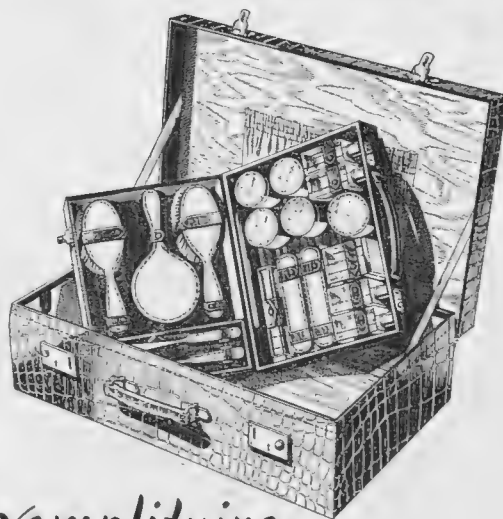
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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

DURING rehearsal, the conductor noticed that one of his first violins was looking himself. He stopped and asked the man if he felt unwell.

"No thank you, sir, I'm all right," was the reply.

The rehearsal proceeded. Presently the violinist again caught the conductor's eye. "Smith," he said, "are you sure you're all right, because you don't like it?"

"Yes, sir, really, I'm quite all right."

But Smith got paler and paler.

"Look here," said the conductor at last, "I really think you should go for some fresh air, you know."

"Don't worry about me, sir," said Smith, "I'm quite all right—only I loathe music."



Goody Two Shoes is the Coliseum's pantomime. In it Fred Emney is a most gorgeous Lord Gorgeous of Glamour, Pat Kirkwood is Robin Goodfellow, the most elegant of Village Carpenters, and Richard Hearne is Bluebell, the most versatile of Old Women. The pantomime was written and is produced by Emile Littler. A picture of the young Duke of Kent, his sister Princess Alexandra, and the Hon. Diana Herbert on the stage after the show with Penelope the Horse, appears on page 73

AT the Dearborn Street station in Chicago, a military policeman kept shouting: "Call your destinations when you come through!" Soldiers, sailors and marines streamed through the gate, each calling out the place he was heading for—until the M.P. abruptly halted one marine who had sought to stroll without announcement.

"Come on, you—sound off!" bellowed the M.P. "What's your destination?"

The marine gave the M.P. a brief but sizzling inspection, then roared: "Where the hell d'you think? Tokyo!" and brushed by.

A VIENNESE mother came home and could not find her children. Looking in the bedroom, she found the carpet bulging up and four small feet sticking out. There was another mound in the middle, which proved to be caused by a suitcase.

More relieved than angry, the mother asked the children what they were doing. "We were playing at daddy listening to the B.B.C.," was the reply.

AN airman had to take to his parachute owing to engine trouble. On his way through space he met an old lady floating up.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Have you noticed a Spitfire going down?"

"No," replied the old lady. "Have you seen a gas stove going up?"

HITLER and Goering decided to escape, and disguised themselves—Hitler as an old man with a white beard and white wig, Goering as a red-headed woman. To test their disguise they visited a bar and ordered two glasses of beer.

"Thank you, mein Fuehrer," said the barmaid when Hitler paid her.

As Goering declared that the girl merely used those words in order to be particularly polite, they decided to try again, and ordered two more glasses of beer.

This time Goering paid and the barmaid said: "Thank you, Herr Reichsmarschall."

Very much shaken, Goering called the girl back to question her.

"How on earth could you possibly see through our disguise?" he asked.

"I am Goebbels," she whispered.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

Digestive Strain

How it can be overcome



WITH war-work and voluntary service the main preoccupations of most men and women to-day, it is not always possible to follow a regular dietary routine. The result is that meals snatched here and there, inadequately prepared and hurriedly eaten, put a strain on the digestive system, which often leads to indigestion.

Your impaired digestion should be treated in a common-sense way by giving it the relief so urgently needed. It is far better to omit hasty meals and snacks, taking instead a cup of 'Ovaltine' which you can make in a minute or two.

Delicious 'Ovaltine' gives you the energising, restorative and sustaining nourishment you require in a form exceptionally easy to assimilate. Prepared from Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs—'Ovaltine' provides concentrated nourishment to the entire system without imposing strain on the digestion.

This is one of the important reasons why 'Ovaltine' is supplied to Military and Civil Hospitals. 'Ovaltine' has for many years been considered a hospital staple in cases of difficult feeding. It is also widely used in Industrial and Service Canteens.

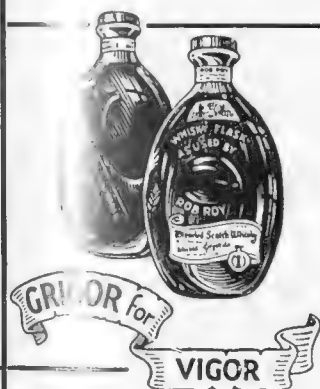
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Sorry

It seems that officially British aviation progress is not a military secret; but just a secret. It seems that we must be careful not to let our friends know if we have made any notable advances during the war.

An old friend, who is the editor of one of the best Paris aviation periodicals, got in touch with me a short time ago and asked me to send him immediately all the wartime British air periodicals and reference books. He was to send me the money for them directly I had found out what the total cost would be. I collected the papers and books and was then told that in no circumstances would my friend be allowed to transmit one penny piece to me in England. The Bank of England would not allow it. Between liberated France and unliberal England there must be no transfer of money whether the cause be good or bad. My only course was to send as many publications as I could afford to give; but these were but a hundredth part of the works needed by a technical publication like that edited by my friend.

Telling the World

In face of this sort of official action what are we to think of those Ministers who get up at intervals and lecture us all on the importance of telling the world what good work we have done?

It seems that during the occupation, France was kept completely ignorant of British aviation progress. They could not get hold of our publications and had no idea of our technical work. It is a friendly gesture that their technical papers want now to learn what we have done and to tell the people of France about it. But they are not going to be allowed to do so. Foreign exchange, trading with the enemy and all the hide-bound formulae are dragged out to prevent British aviation getting some of the credit that is its due.

Heaven knows I do not boost our own achievements unnecessarily. I prefer to scrutinize them critically and never to give them more praise than I believe them to be worth on careful consideration. But British aviation has done a few things during the war about



John Vickers

Squadron Leader Branse Burbridge, R.A.F.V.R., and Flight Lieutenant "Bill" Skelton, R.A.F.V.R., of the famous 85th Night-fighter Squadron, who were awarded bars to their D.F.C. last November, have just been awarded the D.S.O. for "outstanding skill and devotion to duty" while flying together as pilot and observer. Squadron Leader Burbridge and Flight Lieutenant Skelton trained under the night-fighter "ace," Group Captain John Cunningham, and since then they have been jointly responsible for the destruction of fourteen enemy aircraft

which I would like the French people to be accurately informed. They can get all the information from the back numbers of our periodicals and from reference works; but we must be permitted to send them these things. I only hope that our friends in France will not misinterpret our refusals.

In view of this event the appeal of the Association of Scientific Workers for literature dealing with scientific advances in Allied countries to be sent to scientists in liberated countries has a hollow sound.

Advance to the Rear

It was good to see that *The Economist* found that the Chicago aviation conference had "achieved real advances in technical matters." No doubt one day we shall learn what they are. But it is a pity it falls into the common error of supposing that a bomber converted for civil use has an advantage in speed over the transport aircraft. The truth is, of course, that the bomber is under the unfortunate tactical

necessity of going about with a figure that bulges out in the wrong places. It must be equipped with gun positions and those gun positions must be given a reasonably good field of fire. In short the aerodynamic qualities of the big bomber fuselage are much poorer than those of the transport aircraft's fuselage. The transport aircraft can have an extremely good fuselage from the air flow point of view.

We must get out of the habit of imagining that the heavy bomber is faster than the comparable transport. Compare a Dakota fuselage with the fuselage of any bomber and you can see at once the handicaps to a good line which are imposed by operational requirements. And it is worth recalling that unlike the human being, the aeroplane fuselage can be both fat and fast. It is the fineness ratio that matters, not so much the fatness.

Honours

AVIATION was not very strongly represented in the honours list. Among the knights bachelor I noticed the names of Dobson (of Avro), Hildred (Director General of Civil Aviation), and Sidgreaves.

Mr. Sidgreaves has directed the policy of Rolls-Royce for so long that I cannot recall when he became managing director. I imagine that one of the chief functions of a managing director is that of spotting winners; but in aero-engines it must be the most difficult thing in the world. For instance, there is the perennial argument about air and liquid cooling. What is going to be bold enough to say that one or the other of these kinds of cooling will be in use six years hence, or to say that both will still be in use? I would have to decide now whether to put my money on air or liquid cooling.

Another thing Mr. Sidgreaves must be making his mind about while the rest of us are just vaguely contemplating events, is the kind of jet unit that will prove the best out of the dozens now being played with by various companies. Rolls-Royce are working on jet propulsion—a thing which gives one a good deal of satisfaction in view of the things the Germans have lately been doing with it. I imagine that various other companies are also working on it and there is, of course, the State research organization. Perhaps we shall soon see the sort of things they have been developing.

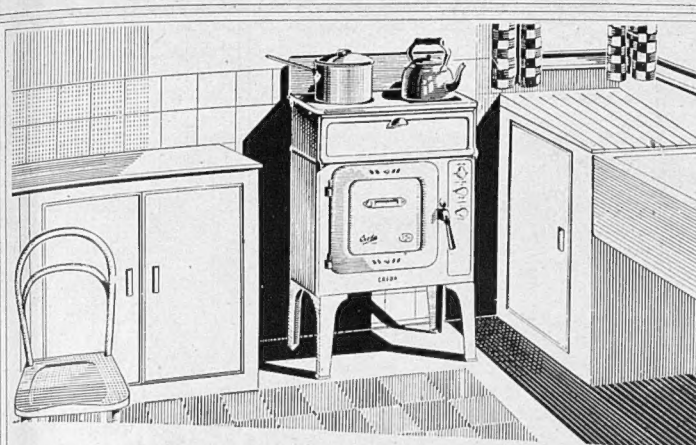


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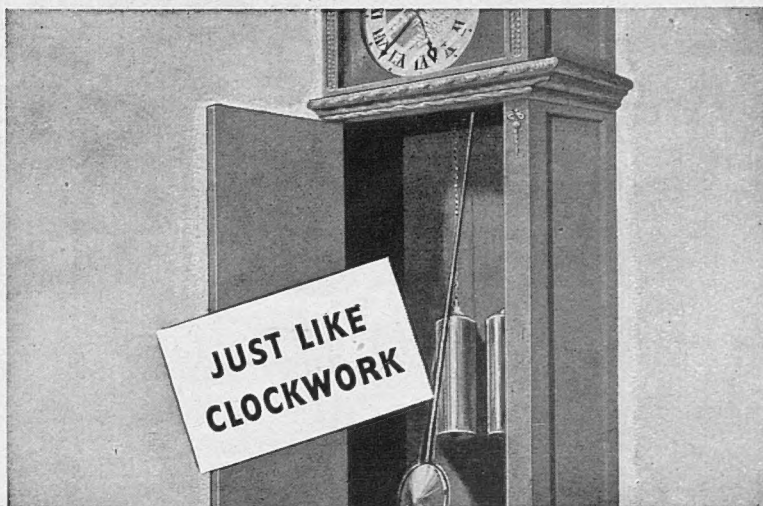
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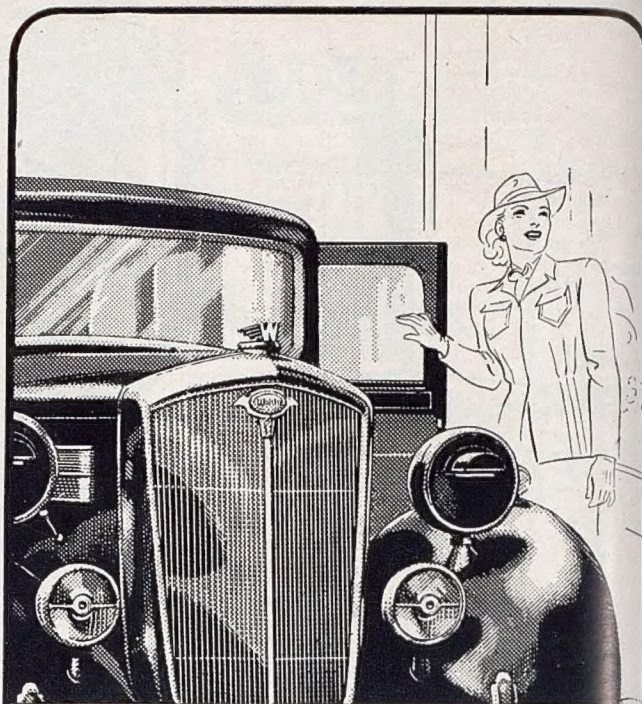


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